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WIDENER



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A



Harvard College Library

FROM

Longfellow Gift.

28 Feb., 1893.



Henry W. Longfellow

1881.

①

Fugitiva

*J'en pourrais par malheur faire d'aussi méchants
Mais je me garderais de les montrer aux gens*

LE MISANTHROPE

no.
Printed for Private Circulation

1881

23494.29

A

Harvard College Library.

28 Feb. 1893.

Longfellow Gift.

MANCHESTER:

A. IRELAND AND CO., PRINTERS,

PALL MALL.

GREETING.

A HAND in a hand, one large and the other small,
Is all that they see,
But I think that it is not all
To you and me ;
I know, it is not to me.

Two eyes gazing into two,
And these into those
Is all that they see ;
They don't know how your grave look goes
Deep into me.
How I treasure it ! and none knows
Its worth to me.

FEBRUARY.

Who shall sing thee, February,
If in either hand thou carry
Hopes of Spring and snows to chill them,
Flow'rets pale and frosts to kill them,
Wishings vague and hopes contrary,—
Who shall sing thee, February?

Sure the month of new-made lovers
Sad forgetfulness discovers
In its shortness, in its coldness,
In its disconcerting boldness,—
Or is't Prophecy that hovers
O'er thee, month of new-made lovers?

S N O W .

SWIRLING with a fierce rapidity,
Looking like a wild white sea ;
Clinging with a pale timidity
Unto every hedge and tree.

Dressing Nature lightly, tastily,
With a filmy cloak of sheen,
Rushing, drifting, piling hastily,
Hiding every bit of green.

Floating calmly, melting readily
At the genial earth's warm kiss ;
Cold, relentless, settling steadily,
Leading mortal feet amiss.

Beauteous form of earth's humidity,
Silent friend and seeming foe,
Fleeting mass of soft solidity,
Fickle, fair white winter snow.

TWO SONNETS.

January 15th, 1881.

I.

A DRIVING fog upon a freezing shore
Had kept us shivering in a chill delay
By dull Ardrossan's harbour, and we wore
Faces of doubt, yet struggled to be gay.
Anon we faced the fog with progress slow
And frequent whistlings of alarm and care,
For once a brig upon the weather bow
Loomed up gigantic in the steaming air—
When lo ! we seemed to burst our misty shroud
As if some god had waved it all away.
The sun shone forth, and showed a frisking crowd
Of porpoises that round our vessel play,
While fair in front, a vision of delight,
The peaks of Arran burst upon our sight.

II.

Too beautiful for earth ! The vision rose
 Athwart the dazzling waves of dancing blue ;
The line of peaks, all marbled with the snows,
 Shone to a height too skyward to be true.
Too beautiful for earth ! In happy dream
 I've seen such pictures of a world sublime ;
Celestial, unattainable they seem,
 Unreal on this mortal side of Time.
Too beautiful for earth ! In years gone by
 I've seen the terraced islands as I rowed
On Maggiore 'neath the Italian sky,
 The glistening Alps above, a blest abode,
Yet not more fair, for fairer nought can be
Than Arran rising from that winter sea.

PARTING.

WE must part then for ever : they say 'tis the best,
And be parted while time shall be—
Thou to the East, and I to the West,
Across the unending sea.

I to the sunset, thou to the dawn—
To the region of hopeful day ;
Each on the wings of the sea-wind borne,
But each on a different way.

Yet it may be, the farther our wandering feet
The desert and oceans divide,
The nearer we come to the day we shall meet
Around on the other side.

THE VOYAGE.

THE dark cliffs have gone down on th' horizon,
Not a star dims the darkness of night,
And we've just seen the last of Old England,
'Twas the glow from the far Lizard light.
I stood on the deck till it faded,
Dear old island and home, we must part.—
Now I'm come down to write you a letter,
Ice on deck there, but fire in my heart.

* * * *

Blue, blue is the sky up above us,
And bluer the unruffled bay,
Where the great rugged mountains that tower so high
Might well be the pillars that carry the sky,
And we rest from our voyage a day.

But the sky can not always be blue,
Nor the sea can not always be still;
The morrow will find us again on our track,
May be, driven and dashed mid the breakers and wrack,
And the Storm Spirit eager to kill.

And if he should win in the fight,
And if my life-breath must go forth,
I know that the cable of love I have laid
Will bear from the deeps of my still ocean bed
The best of me back to the north.

* * * *

There's a glow on the western horizon,
And a gleam from Orion's pale belt ;
And the wavelets are quietly lapping,
And the air is too soft to be felt ;
And we're lying and lolling and lounging,
Some dozen of us here in a ring ;
And now there's a lull in the chatting,
So there's one of them going to sing.

'Tis a hackneyed old song that he's singing—
But does one of us think it a bore?—
Of the homes and the hearts away north there
That we'll some of us never see more.
As he sang, I could see the old Pole Star
Slightly smiling,—close down to the sea ;
He was watching the homes that we sang of—
Did he bring you a greeting from me ?

* * * *

(*From* GOETHE.)

On the water not a motion,
Silence deep upon the main,
O'er the smooth expanse of ocean
Anxiously he looks :—in vain !
Not a breath from any quarter,
Awful stillness of the grave !
On the boundless plain of water
Not one tiniest little wave.

* * * *

(*From* GOETHE.)

The mists burst asunder,
The heavens are clearing,
And Æolus looses
The wearisome band.
The breeze rustles o'er us,
The skipper bestirs him,
The wave parts before us,
On, onward careering,
The far off is nearing,
There ! There ! See ! The Land !

* * * *

Tw'as but few months ago, Ocean, I thought thee
Eager to bury me under thy foam ;
I know thee better now, Ocean, I've sought thee
Rippling and rolling to carry me home,
Home to the land I love better than any,
Home to a city that's mightier than Rome,
Home to the friends who are dearest of many,
Home to my home.

Since I first knew thee well, Ocean, thou'st taught me
Many a lesson I else ne'er had known ;
I would learn further, so, Ocean, thou'st brought me
Rippling and rolling, oh, carry me home !
Home to the land I love better than any,
Home to the city that's mightier than Rome,
Home to the friends who are dearest of many,
Carry me, Ocean, safe home to my home.

* * * *

The Autumn sun is setting
Into the Indian sea,
From out that gold and crimson
He will not list to me :
Stay in thy westward rolling,
Go to her, sun, and say
I'm coming. Tell her—know'st thou ?—
How I think of her each day.

* * * *

The Autumn sun is rising
Out of the Indian sea,
Behind grey cloud banks hidden,
As thou art hid from me.
My thoughts with thee are northward,
I would I were as free ;
I think that yours fly southward,
Sometimes to be with me.
The bank of clouds is breaking,
The sunlight streaming through,
It brings a cheering message
To the wanderer from you.

* * * *

'Tis the Eddystone light
Just come into sight,
Dear old, warm, kindly light as it seems ;
'Tis a cold, foggy night,
And, half mad with delight,
We are sunning ourselves in its beams.

The ladder is lowered,
And the pilot aboard—
God bless his brown storm-beaten face—
With our ship in his hand,
We soon sight the old land,
And are safe in our harbour of grace.
Home in the land I love better than any,
Home in the city that's mightier than Rome,
Home with the friends who are dearest of many,
Home in my home.

FEBRUARY.

BETWEEN the wintriest time and gusty March,
The young year grows thro' February's days ;
 A child with many a mood,
 Just being gently wooed
From infancy's dumb life and passive gaze.

Not wholly wakened from the sleep-like past,
Yet with a look at times as bright as Spring,
 A child whose early smile
 Might easily beguile,
And bring the thought that 'twas a Summer thing.

Not storm proof yet, but under lighter skies
The young Year grows thro' February's weeks,
 A child whose value lies
 In possibilities,
Whose utterances say much before he speaks.

OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO.

THERE are eyes as calm, and eyes as bright,
As moonbeams on a lake ;
But lovelier far than the evening star
Are the eyes not yet awake.

There are joys in life and the things of to-day,
That a god might be glad to borrow ;
But to-day grows dull and unbeautiful
By the side of brave to-morrow.

There are books which to read is heaven indeed,
And purgatory to shut ;
But the book loved best, and worth all the rest,
Is a book that is yet uncut.

There are poems that fill the soul with delight,
By their truth, or their beauty, or wit ;
But the noblest song that to earth can belong
Is a poem that never was writ.

THE SEA GULLS.

OVER the ocean,
Ever in motion,
Watching the ships of the nations go by ;
Spirits are sighing
While we are flying,
Now to the billows and now to the sky.
Tempests may blow,
Onward we go,
Raging the sea and the heavens on fire ;
Thunder may crash,
Lightning may flash,
Ever our flight shall be higher and higher.
Gently reclined
On the whistling wind,
Danger despising, we ~~reck~~ not of fear ;

Navies may fall,
Terror appal,
Wreck is our pleasure, and death is our cheer.
Shrill is our voice,
Let us rejoice,
Ships may be shattered and thunderbolts hurled ;
Men may be sighing,
Men may be dying,
Happy the sea gulls, the lords of the world.

THE BEE.

As I sat a dreaming,
And thought the world a seeming,
With nothing true,
Or old or new,
A little bee flew nigh me
And buzzed as he went by me ;
“ Up, up and do,
’Tis such as you
That make the world a seeming.”

SEPTEMBER.

LAST night, spent August vanished in a mist,
But at the dawn, as one his ghost had kist,
Lo ! through long ranks of yellow bending ears,
September, with her grey eyes full of tears.

RONDEAU.

O SUNNY world ! to happy childish eyes
That shut and open to thy night and day,
Awake to beauty, yet asleep to skies,
Spread out with things too deep for childish play,
That rise and set, a wonder to the wise.
What is thy charm ? Is it that half disguise
That makes thee to the children seem so gay ?
Love that has secrets forms not closest ties,
O sunny world !
Or is it true their great contentment lies
In that, like thee, they turn so oft away
From light and life, and sing sweet lullabies,
And sleep ? Ah, who would ever care to say ?
Since they are here, and teach us thee to prize,
O sunny world !

TO PHILLIS ON HER BIRTHDAY.

HERE'S a greeting for your birthday, and a ribbon
that is red,

Though you may wish the silk had worn some other
shade instead ;

But I know 'twill best become you as no other colour
can—

'Tis the colour of the People, not the colour of the
clan.

No Tory blue that marks the day of a starving people's
woe ;

No bigot yellow, nor the white that priest-ruled
Bourbons show :

No ! none that speak of tyranny, mute voice, and
shackled mind,

But the colour of the blood that fills the veins of all
mankind.

SUNSET.

O, THE sun set over a Prestwich hill,
The great bright sun, that can cure and kill.
He faltered not in his onward pace,
But sank to death with a brave, brave face;
The earth lay quiet, with a lonely dread
Of the chilly greyness overhead.
But the crimson cloudlets, one by one,
Made music about the setting sun ;
Sang him a song too grand and too clear
To be heard on earth—for our ears to hear,
Too deep in meaning—too far away,
For the finest mortal words to say.
How could such glory as that abound
Apart from the high-born gift of sound ;
If earth could sing, when the sun lived high,
Would heaven do less, when he came to die ?

O, human eyes that could only gaze
At the grandeur, thro' an earth-born haze,
Ye sorely grieved for the lord of sight,
Thinking him buried in lasting night,
Till high above where the day-god fell,
Like his spirit sent to heaven to dwell,
The new moon sailed, calm, holy, and still—
Then ye blessed the sunset over the hill.

HOLLY.

HOLLY come ! and with thee bring,
As thy fellow, gladness !
Mirth and music round thee wing,
And away with sadness !
Holly in the palace,
Holly in the hall,
Holly in the cottage,
Holly for us all.
Hither brothers ! deck our home
With the blithe red berry,
Homeward all the wanderers come,
Young and old be merry !
Holly o'er the pictures,
Holly hung around !
Holly in the kissing bush,
Holly wreaths abound.
Welcome to thee bringing
Laughter, mirth, and folly,
Gay we greet thee singing,
Holly, jolly holly !

CIRCLES.

THE common daisy whitening yonder field,
Shapes all its blossoms to a perfect round,
And seems each year in sweet content to yield
Its every petal to a form so fair ;
And some that note them, their life's like have found,
And see how daily items fitted there
A golden centre round, they unaware.

The narrow moon that rose in last night's sky,
Lighted for us but half her yellow ring,
Yet thro' the shadow, thin to eager eye,
There shone her after portion dimly near !
At sight of her perhaps some fears found wing,
Some hopes were born that circles broken here
Will by-and-by be joined and all made clear.

MARCH.

FIRST with mischief meaning smile
Thou welcomest the Spring awhile,
Coaxing flowers from out the earth,
Bidding Sparrows chirp their mirth ;
Banishing cold Winter's frown,
Tempting till the sun looks down.
Then when Nature at thy feet
Thanks thee for the grateful heat,
Thy false heart in mockery turns,
And the young year's flattery spurns.
Then thou lurest each dark cloud,
Gone to make the Winter's shroud,
Back to help thee with their gloom,
That the sun may have no room ;
Then the tender flowers close,
And the wind thy vassal blows,

Now with blustering haste, shrill toned,
Now as tho' it some loss bemoaned,
And came to earth to find again,
But sought each nook on earth in vain.
Calm and sunshine, clouds and strife,
So liv'st thou thy capricious life !

THE BLACKBIRD.

HUSH ! Now the mellow blackbird sings
In yonder tree
His message to the heart of things
And to the heart of me.
In his singing clear
He ruffles the feathers of his soft black throat
Ah, sweet sight ! Ah, sweet note !
No more can I bear !

CONCERT.

O, THE dawn it is a ditty
That's sung through all the land ;
And the daylight is a chorus
Writ for creation's band ;
Then the twilight singeth lowly
And maketh all things one ;
And night—it is the hush after
The lullaby is done.

S K Y .

FAIR clouds that drive about the blue,
In shapes for ever changing,
I gaze and gaze, and let like you
My thoughts in space go ranging.

Across the fields your shadows flit,
On nothing ever staying ;
My thoughts alike to nothing fit,
Tho' wide and far they're straying.

You fickle fly from white to gray,
From blending turn to tearing ;
And giddy thoughts in swift array
Bring pleasure and despairing.

And now your sailing tends to storm,
You cluster in your roaming,
And my thoughts thicken till they form
Within my heart a gloaming.

When, idle clouds and thoughts, you win
The goal toward which you're keeping,
I fear you'll prove no less akin,
And end the race with weeping.

FROM GOETHE.

THERE above the forest
Is rest.
In all the pinetops
Scarce expressed
A Zephyr's sigh.
Hushed in the wood the bird-song.
Wait, for thee ere long
Rest draweth nigh.

WINTER.

THINE is the beauty of despair,
O Winter, wild and wan,
Thou hangest in the heavy air
Beneath the darkened sun
And mournest earth, the fair.

We wonder why white Winter weeps,
We know,—who are apart
And hear that hidden pulse that keeps
Its beat within the heart,—
Earth is not dead, but sleeps.

LINES WRITTEN ON A STARLIGHT,
WINDY NIGHT.

OH, FOR a ride on the wind
To-night !
To mount to a height
That should leave the standstill world behind,
And its streets with their feeble light !
What might—
What joy, in a flight
On the whirling wings of the wind !

Oh, for a float and a leap
A dive—a sleep
On high in the sky !
It is cold up there, and dark, and deep—
It is clear, and bright, and high !
And I cry,
Let me fly—
Let me fly—and laugh—and weep !

Oh, the wind is fierce and strong !
Along,
With a mighty song
That speaks to men in an unknown tongue,
It rushes and swirls and leaps
To the moon
With ineffable tune
And falls to earth in a swoon !

SONNET.

ORION is striding yonder through the sky
Looking to earth, and wondering much to see
A mortal who can love so well as I,
But ceasing wonder when he looks on thee.
Why do the stars, each steadfast in his place,
Fixed through a thousand years, all seem to gaze
And tremble when they see thee? Can thy face
Strike e'en the heavenly dwellers with amaze?
Yet day will come, the earth with ceaseless swing
Shall carry thee where they shall see no more,
The sun shall smile with joy, and every thing
Shall vow thee ne'er was beauty seen before.
But I alone can never gaze my fill,
By night, by day, oh, let me see thee still !

SONNET.

DEPARTED are the guests, the hall forsaken,
Where round the board e'en now a festive throng
But dimly heard the conscious rafters shaken
With overcharged luxuriance of song.
Lonely I walk, and half in sadness ponder
On what has been, to be, alas ! no more
On hopes where Fancy dreamily may wander
But unfulfilled till youth and life are o'er.
All these are gone, but I alone remaining
Am left to sing, one voice too feebly shrill,
Last of a choir, and all unused to fill
The echoing vaults with floods of joyous sound.
I, too, must cease, my purposeless complaining
Is ended, and the clock has run his round.

COMA BERENICES.

SHINE ON ! shine on ! shine until woman's love
Is found no more upon the desert earth ;
Shed down thy gentle radiance from above
Till man no longer knows that love's true worth ;
Shine on our home and guard the treasure there
Of woven love in love, and while in sleep
Rests each dear head a moment free from care,
Beam thou upon them and the night watch keep.
Pledge of true love in ages long gone by,
A love so true, do thou upon me shine ;
Lend me thine aid that as the years roll by
E'en I may win a love as true for mine.

YOU AND I.

LAST night we walked beneath the moon,
O love! and in her glow
Thy bosom felt the warmth of June,
But mine December's snow!

I would that I were lying dead
Beneath the churchyard tree;
For I know my heart may prove untrue,
Yet never thine to me!

SONNET.

WHY should I grieve because perchance thy smile
Hath shone upon another, or thine ear,
Prone once to list my speech, hath found more cheer
In better words than mine? And yet, the while
A sigh will rise to think I am forgot,
If not forgot, remembered but to touch
The mind but not the heart if e'en so much.
Whether in sooth thou lovest him or not,
Thou lov'st not me. The stars that saw my birth
Have known that Love and I should never meet
Save to walk lonely o'er a lonely earth,
And seek in vain some well belovéd form
That might (oh! had it been!) have led my feet
To peace and safety through the o'erwhelming storm.

SONNET.

LIKE as in early Winter's evening sky
The waxing moon shines pale, and overhead
The speechless stars a twinkling brightness shed,
And change no whit the while all else must die,
Like as a barren earth doth but recall
The spring tide's bloom that now is seen no more,
The birds and flowers that blew so sweet before,
And frosty death kills summers all-in-all,
Lo ! thus I mourn, that once was glad no less,
My hopes are dead and rise no more anew,
A bloodless grief hath banished happiness.
And though undying Truth shine o'er my head,
Weak is the light that guides me and untrue
And the warm, cheery sunshine smiles are fled.

WINGS.

WINGS, wings, beautiful things !
Birds, ye are happy in having wings :
Delicate, graceful, fair to the eye
Are a pair of wings, God-fledged to fly ;
As they waft a bird, no seeming weight,
 Man's leisurely gait
 Seems a deformity.

Wings, wings, powerful things !
Birds, ye are mighty in having wings :
Swift and far reaching, free as the sky,
Are two wings God's speed inspired by ;
Strongly as each on other they wait,
 Man's turbulent fate
 Seems fixed in enmity.

Wings, wings, frail earthly things !
Birds, ye but touch heaven's edge with your wings,

Beauty hath flight, and power tho' high
Flutters to earth down—for Kings must die ;
Man, had he wings, would liberty hate,
 And gain not till late
 His nest—eternity.

SONNET.

LOAD, Time, thy quickening steps, nor headlong fly
In haste to lift the coming Summer's curtain ;
I fain would stay and lie a moment by,
Nor stake this happy hour for one uncertain.
Less faith have I than in Youth's giddy heat,
In what a day unlived may hold in store,
But larger joy to walk with lingering feet
Through life's brief scenes now lovelier than before.
Thus let me live, nor sunk in niddering ease,
Nor seeking still the eyes of men to fetter ;
Oh let this day be long that I may seize
And hold it fast—I ne'er shall know a better.
Rather would I thus live and nothing lack,
Than forward strive or look with longing back.

SONNET.

SERENE-INSPIRED the Poet sits alone,
Disdainful of the sordid world without
That toils for dross ; and fain he would disown
Despised Humanity : he needs must doubt
His kinship with the herd : for he can see
Their ends ignoble, pleasures unrefined,
Contentions vulgar : and with gruesome glee
Pens some such lines as these against mankind.
“ Each mortal seeketh his peculiar ease,
And plumes himself with fanciful conceit ;
His currish nature or his fate decrees
That others’ gain seems humbling and defeat”—
He paused : his fellow-men he wished to draw,
But his own image in the lines he saw.

TO HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

How often in old age we pine and think :
Where is the happiness of childhood gone ?
Where that rejoicing in the present time ?
Where all the golden dreams we pondered on ?
Oh, why may not that sunny halo cling
To hard reality in after time ?
Why must we cease to love what once was dear,
And treat as common what we thought sublime ?
But thou to whom I fain would tribute bring,
And thanks for many a happy hour enjoyed,
Didst through thy life that childhood's sunshine feel,
With fulness as at first and unalloyed.
Thy eyes were opened to the beauty round,
Thy wisdom saw what others might despise,
Thou wond'ring admiration gav'st to all,
Thy sweet humility thus made thee rise.
And thy imagination lent its light
In painting scenes still fairer and more bright.

PASS BY, O YEAR !

PASS by, O Year ! nor chide this heart that's dumb,
When it remembers thy departing worth,
And, losing thee, feels faint, nor can cast forth
 The tendency to cling
 To every bygone spring ;
And lacks belief in happy days to come.

Pass by, O Year ! nor check this heart's new mirth,
When it receives thy latest, greatest gift,
And, leaving thee, finds voice to inly lift
 And carols sweet to sing
 Unto the new Child King,
Who blesses thy departure with His birth.

FLOWERS IN LONDON.

WHAT do ye think of it, snowdrops,
And ye shy little violets blue,
And ye crocuses proud in your purple and gold ?
Pale primroses, what think you ?

What think you of the great city,
With its houses, its smoke, and its din ?
And what of the gaslit prison-house
Which now ye are blooming in ?

Do ye long for that country garden
Where the thrush and the blackbird sing ?
Are ye thirsting to breathe the sweet morning air
In the sunshine of early spring ?

Do ye pine for the lawns and meadows,
For the dew and dropping shower,
For the southerly breezes that bear on their wings
The chimes of the abbey-tower ?

Or are ye content and happy,
That ye gladden the heart of one
Who loves to look on your purity
When the work of the day is done?

THE CHILD AND THE POET.

TOGETHER, together, hand in hand,
The little child and the poet walk ;
Into the poet's face, grave and grand,
The child looks up, nor stays his talk.
But the poet, with tongues at his command,
Looks, silent, into the childish face ;
His heart is pierced with an infinite grace
He cannot name, nor understand.

MYSTERIES.

Two things to me are mysteries
In this clear world below ;
The well-known look in a stranger's eyes,
And the strangeness in eyes I know.

A PORTRAIT.

SUNBEAMS on rippling water,
Shining without eclipse ;—
Smiles like the sunbeams, playing
Winsomely on her lips :—
Laughter incessant twinkling
Merrily in her eyes,
All earnest converse quelling,
E'en as it strives to rise.—
Oh ! for a little cloudlet,
So that the sun might hide !
Oh ! for a thoughtful moment,
To set the smile aside !
Oh ! that a shade of sadness
Would sometimes gather o'er !
But no,—there's only sunshine,
Sunshine, and nothing more.

ALL ROUND.

“ALL round the holly bush,”
Little children sing,
Little hands in little hands
Link them in a ring.

All round the round world
Blow, breezes blow !
All round, not half round,
Eager youth would go.

Pain, death, and sorrow
Break through manhood's round,
Each end his rainbow
Dips into the ground.

Age goes a journey,
Seeming woes to mend ;
Once more hands meet hands,
Circles have no end.

THE BEGGAR.

FOUND dead, all frozen to death in the night !
Only a beggar, a luckless wight.
Poor fellow ! the thought of it grieves me sore ;
I'll try to forget it—no more, no more !
Yet hold, let me laugh as hard as I can,
He was worthy as I am—a man is a man.
Only a beggar—ay, only : that “only”
Cuts off the dead one, nameless and lonely,
Off from his fellows, off from mankind,
From the race of wealth, and the strife of mind.
Who was he ? Nobody. Why should we grieve ?
If 'tis well he has lived, 'tis well he should leave ;
The world is bitter, the world is hard,
We've our livings to make, and our havings to guard.
An idler, who eats that others may toil,
A blight on the land, a curse on the soil !
A blight and a curse ; what then am I ?
The time will come for us all to die,

And that beggar and I stand side by side,
Each on his own poor worth to be tried.
’Tis well for me now, in my strength, to speak
As I look down upon him—worn, weary, and weak,
Dying and dead : ah ! fie on such pride,
They don’t reckon so on the other side.
No, I’ll be kind and speak him fair,
Lest I should some day meet him there.

HEATHER.

I would I might find among the hills
A solitary spot
Where heather grows, and by shady rills
The blue forget-me-not,—
A spot where the green and silent grass
Has never by man been trod ;
Where the free-born mountain winds that pass
Are as pure as the breath of God,—
I would I might be the one to tread
Through the all unsullied place,
The one to gather the heather red
And to feel the breeze in my face,—
I would that my heart might be so right,
And my soul so free from sin,
That I might leave the place as white
As it was ere I entered in.

LETTERS.

O SILENT speeches, spoken long ago,
And echoing every time my eyes may choose
The crooked characters of ink to use,
I hold you one by one, and try to guess
If I shall tear and burn you all or no.

New notes with recent dates move me not less,
'Tis therefore not your age that makes me fond,
Not because dead hands wrote you I despond ;
Fire would not any of your treasures kill,
And yet the thought of losing does depress.

What need of being is it you fulfil ?
You talk of friendship, but you do not prove
At all a substitute for those I love ;
Yet many times I've stood and wavered thus,
And so it happens that I have you still.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

LANGUIDLY breathing,
Gracefully wreathing,
Hopes of the future, and dreams of the past ;
Garlands that wither
In coming together,
Dimly uncertain and vague to the last.

Softly suspended,
Half comprehended,
Ripples of melody shoreward are rolled,
Fibres that tremble,
Coily dissemble
Half that the too tender Zephyr has told.

O'er the sea yonder
Silent they wander,
Silent in living they sing when they die ;
Swanlike they perish,
E'en as they cherish
The dream of their life in their bosom's last sigh.

MY LOVE.

My love is constant, tho', dear heart,
So many charms endow her ;
My wooing lips the names impart
Of this and that sweet flower.
If in my face I show my cares,
In hers the wistful look she wears
Of trusting depth born solely
That clothes the springtime daffodil.
If any unjust words I spill
(She only is just wholly),
And nobly silent under such
Pale protest 'gainst their chilly touch,
She looks a very lily.
And man would never guess her face
Had ever worn the wistful grace
Of yonder simple dilly.
My queen of flowers, oh heaven, preserve !
All joy is in my duty,
If, like a thorn, she let me serve
To guard her perfect beauty.

TO _____

Oh long the way before me,
As I hasten through the gloaming,
But a magic spell is o'er me,
I am coming, I am coming.
Oh ! may the sunlight tarry,
Oh may the dull clouds slacken,
Lest the night its mantle carry
O'er the golden tinted bracken ;
May no fairy voices hush me
To slumber as I travel,
May no falling oak tree crush me,
Or wandering pathways ravel,
Ere I come to thee, my sweetest,
The goal of all my roaming.
Oh ! such an end is meetest ;
I am coming, I am coming.

SONG.

I GOT me up one morning
To see the sun arise ;
The little clouds were rosy red,
The lark was in the skies.

And stepping neatly through the gate,
And o'er the dewy grass
I saw, and clean forgot the sun,
My bonnie Mary pass.

O, no lark sings so heavenly
As Mary, dear and sweet ;
O, no clouds blush so rosy red
As Mary when we meet.

THE RAIN.

THE Rain said, "Give me, O Earth,
Flowers from thy bosom."
She gave them tenderly,
Leaflet and blossom.
He, for they were so fair,
Could not but crush them—
"Dead on thy bosom, Earth,
Now thou must hush them."

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1878-9.

THE old year dies in a storm of wind,
O fitful its life has been !
Clothed with calamity, dull, unkind,
Its shroud the fittest its shame could find—
Great gusts which hide it between.

The wind has dropped, with its thick white rain,
And the year begins to grow.
Woe that innocence cannot remain !
Woe that the earth will as surely stain
The new born year as the snow !

A STROLL.

— —

FINE young misses, drest with care,
Fine young gentlemen that stare,
Each the other's style regarding—
Oh ! this modern promenading !
Ogling, flirting, giggling, sighing—
Feeble shooting—easy dying !

Cynthia, doff that gaudy robe,
And don a skirt o' grey,
And place your ungloved hand in mine—
I scent the new-mown hay—
Let us pass this walk of fashion,
I'm for love, and not for passion.

See ! the crimson sun is going ;
Feel ! the evening breeze is blowing ;
Hark ! the blackbird whistles low.
Heavenly music ! Let us go

To the green, inviting woods,
Where the listening twilight broods :
There is every leaflet springing,
Lulled to rest by blackbird's singing,
Silent, silent earth and sky ;
Let us wander silently.

EARTH'S WAKING.

It is the time when snowdrops first begin
To move their quiet sleeping place within,
And push through coverings, long leaves and thin,
 Into the warmed air.

Where snow and ice, that lived the winter long,
Are forced each hour to get less thick, less strong,
Announced by leaves the tender flowers throng,
 And grow unharméd there.

O happy earth ! whose sleeps to beauty break ;
O blessed sun ! that can the sleeper wake,
And all she has, however frail, can make
 A life so charméd wear.

WORK.

“SPACE ! give me space,”
Quoth a gay, little cloud,
And in space he was scattered away ;
“Strength ! give me strength
For my long, lonely race,”
Quoth the sun, and he shone all day.

“Play ! give me play,”
Quoth a gay, little child,
And he wept when the game was done ;
“Work ! give me work,”
Quoth the man, “for each day,”
And his heaven on earth had begun.

DREAMLAND.

THERE is a land whose boundary
No man hath seen,
A shadowy land where shadows be
A misty unreality,
Where they who enter may behold
Strange visions that remain untold ;
There have I been.
Dim land of dreams, thy silent streams,
Thine avenues of mystery,
Are known to me.
A faint remembrance wakes
Of pathways vague and undefined,
By motionless lakes,
Where phantoms of the lost appear, and fade,
Fantastic, into shade.

A GUSTY MORNING.

SHRILL, shrill, on the top of the hill,
The wind is piping high,
From firs that rock the rooks in a flock,
Are blown up into the sky.

Down, down, on the little town,
The sudden rain-cloud sits ;
With skip and hop, from door to shop,
Full many a gossip flits.

Swift, swift, through clouds that drift,
A ray from the sun shoots down ;
The wind is dropping, the rain is stopping—
Fair weather ! O hill ! O town !

SPRING SONG.

BE glad ! for Mother Earth is turning,
Slowly turning towards her God ;
See, the little flowers are learning
How to peep from 'neath the sod.

All the cold winter long she rocked them,
Lullabies the wild winds sang ;
Out of the very snow that mocked them,
Warmth to nourish them there sprang.

Rejoice ! the promise now is given
Unto every living thing,
Which thro' the Winter long hath striven,
There shall clustering blossom spring.

Blossom which, in Autumn's splendour,
Shall be given as fruits to men :
Then will the world be—now so tender—
Truly Mother Earth again.

DEAD LEAVES.

THE dry leaves rustle underfoot,
Brown, and crisp, and curled,
The dry leaves that have fluttered down
On the weary world.

The green leaves of two months ago,
Full, and young, and spread ;
The green leaves once, the russet now,
Lean, and old, and dead.

The soft leaves that once plaintively
Sang to every breeze,
The soft leaves, hard and tuneless now,
Hoarse for want of ease.

The dry leaves rustle underfoot,
Tread—it matters not—
The frail leaves will, when we are gone,
Grow, and drop, and rot.

SONNET.

My friend, by all that Heaven holds most dear,
True faith, and high resolve, and deep esteem,
I do beseech you that you will not seem
By words to put our friendship out of gear,
When as sometimes you praise beyond desert,
And call my strivings great that yet are small,
So do such praises but effect my hurt ;
I would be justly praised, or not at all.
Then as you use to temper honest blame,
For pity do thou temper praise as well,
Which else on me must cast an evil spell,
And better things be swallow'd up in shame.
Thou seest my faults, then prove thyself still kind ;
It is not love, but passion that is blind.

THE TURNED PAGE.

THE Book of the Past is a fearful book,
You help to write it yourself;
You can read nothing else in your blind old age;
You take it from its shelf,
And smile—or shudder—for as you look,
It opens at one turned page—
Of itself.

The page that is turned is turned for a mark,
You help to turn it yourself;
Beware, beware what your hand has signed,
Ere your book is put on its shelf:
Pray for light, and remember your way is not dark;
It is you, it is you that are blind—
Of yourself.

WITH THE WEATHER.

THE days grow longer,
The hopes grow stronger
That were but shadowed in my heart
A little month ago ;
The skies get bluer,
The doubts get fewer
That did but thicken in my heaven,
And wrap my earth in snow,
A little month ago.

Long days and fleeter,
Strong hopes and sweeter,
Than when you flickered in my heart
So short a time ago ;
The cares you banish,
When you shall vanish,
Will cluster, clouding up my heaven—
Poor fool ! made quick or slow
By any winds that blow.

THE STARS.

I THINK a quiet starlight night
All other sights above,
Proclaims with all its silent might
The roominess of love.

What countless lights the heavens hold
Each in its ordered place,
Its home or clear pathway told,
And yet no lack of space !

The large and little, bright and dim,
The moving and the still,
Pointing a higher guide than whim,
Obey an All-Wise will.

Ah, little earth ! if you could read
The writing on the sky,
Thro' dark times you could trust, and need
No other lullaby.

TORQUAY.

THE sound of the giant waves, dashing
The sides of the man-built wall ;
The sight of the white sea-gull, flashing,
Swift winged, through the hurrying squall ;
The souging of wind in the mizen,
The creaking and straining of cords ;—
Were these things but good to bedizen
A pretty erection of words ?
Ah no ! 'Twas no transient reason
That made all our heart-strings vibrate ;
Eternity—not just a season—
Shall feel their effect in our fate.

SONNET.

WHEN come the happy birds, in ordered flocks,
With heaven-directed speed across the seas,
From wintry cold the earth feels coming ease,
And for her guests her hidden stores unlocks ;
Anon to cradle them, each zephyr rocks
Th' expectant branches of the stately trees,
While snowdrops, child-like, eager first to please,
Stand shyly by in their white baby frocks.
So, lady, when thy winged thoughts first ranged
From sunnier things to my poor, songless heart,
And nestling there reared thoughts akin, then changed
My nature, and I felt the Spring-time start ;
And now thy friendship is so dear, that when
Thy thoughts find voice, it is my Summer then.

WORDS

Written to be sung to Pergolesi's "Tre giorni."

How long the night and dreary, how weary !

I sigh alone ;

Alone I sigh, though thou art nigh,

And dost not hear my moan.

Loudly I'll sing, and proudly,

That thou, sweetheart, shalt hear me :

Thy sunny smile shall cheer me ;

Nor leave me more alone.

THE LAUGHER.

So, you think I laugh too loud !
Go, and smile your life away ;
Marry, I am not so proud—
Ha, ha, ha, I say !

Niminy, piminy, mimsy chits
Smile, and show their dimples—so.
Dimples stand in place of wits,
I say, ho, ho, ho !

FORGOTTEN.

THE house is strangely dreary now,
The garden a desert stands ;
The dear old place has passed away,
Since many a long and weary day,
To strange, unloving hands.

New footsteps wake the well-known rooms,
New voices echo here ;
And no one sees the links of gold
Which bound me to the place of old,
To make it always dear.

Each window holds a history,
Each room a tale to me ;
And ghosts come with me from the past,
To lead me on, or hold me fast
With bonds of memory.

A happy band of children once
 Played here the live-long day ;
And nursery jokes and tales went round,
Which consecrate for me the ground,
 Now all have gone away.

For one by one, with heedless steps,
 Away they went to roam ;
But looking back through many years,
They often said, and oft with tears,
 “ Ah, that was really home ! ”

But still a power has led me here—
 The power of memory—
To see the dear old home once more,
And read the golden legends o'er,
 Forgotten—save by me.

C H A N G E .

A FIERY glory o'er the rippling waves ;
A distant line of land,
That purple glows in the evening light ;
A long wet streak of sand,
Where the wavelets race,
And leave their trace,
In a glistening foamy band.

Impatient strokes, till my boat at last
Grates on the shingly beach ;
Then a quick walk up the short steep path,
My longed-for goal I reach ;
Then an eager knock,
And a turning lock,
And a welcome that needs no speech.

* * * * *

The echoing sound of a closing door,
A chill wind in my face,
A weary walk down the steep rock side,
To my boat at its base.
One sudden push
Through the breakers' rush,
And I glide into space.

A leaden sea, with a sullen roar,
And a cold dash of spray ;
A long black shadowy stretch of land
Across a world of grey ;
One feeble spark
Amid the dark,
In the spot where I might not stay.

THE VISION.

THE blue waves rolling in the light,
Tree-clusters waving in the wind,
Grey waterfalls in headlong flight
Leave the day-painted hills behind.
Deserted is the rocky shore,
Deserted is the hall of fame,
The race of heroes is no more,
And scarce remembered Fingal's name.
But one remains to mourn the fate
Of vanished youth and glory gone,
To sing of Morven's former state
And carry its remembrance on.
No more he grasps his youthful spear,
But tunes his harp with strings of gold,
Whence songs resound in accents clear,
Slow echoed from the times of old.

Roll on, roll on, ye dark brown years,
To me your course no comfort brings,
I can but mourn my fate with tears,
Last scion of a line of kings.
Happy are they in youth who die,
While still their fame is bright,
Nor slowly withering faint and fly,
Forgotten, into night.
The sons of song are gone to rest
And I alone remain,
Like a lone breeze upon the breast
Of the now silent main.
Tell me, did Ryno's beauty last,
Or ear-borne Oscar's might?
Fingal himself is of the past
Invincible in fight.
I go, but still my deeds remain,
Like an oak's aged form
That lifts its head on Morven's plain
And rises to the storm.

THORNS.

Thornbushes, thickly beset with blossoms, in Spring new-
appearing,

Gird like an armour of light the whole rough expanse of
the clearing :

Here near the forest the petals lie scattered like snow on
the lea—

Snow 'neath a heaven as deep as the truth and as blue as
the sea—

And never a tiny cloudlet comes to soften the shining.

Lower the bushes are rosy and blushing, and tendrils are
twining

Round and about, and gaily bedecking the thorns that they
cherish,

Gorgeous bushes and glowing the thorns that are fated to
perish.

Meadows are goodly to see, and the happy home of the man
Who tills the bountiful earth and gleans what harvest he can,

And scatters the plentiful seed o'er the land at the season
of sowing,

And calls in the demon of steam to help at his reaping and
mowing ;

When by the tall trees which were standing for long silent
ages,

The brute, the machine, and the man toil for hardly-earned
wages.

But the blossoming thorns are at once like a pestilence
stricken and banished,

Gone is the glowing and blushing and paling ; the snow-
flakes have vanished.

No lonely wanderer chancing this way can ever discover
How sweet was the silence and wealth in the magical days
that are over,

When the forest's bright children bloomed out in the Spring,
unseen and untended,

To drink in the light of the sun.

What of that ? It is ended, all ended.

Bring hither, bring hither the steam-plough, the harrows,
the hoes,

Let us turn to utility now,—to science, statistics, and prose.

ABOUT A MAN WHO AIMED AT THE SUN
AND HIT THE MOON.

A POOR musician, in his sleep,
Once heard a tune that made him weep—
That made him weep and laugh for joy,
And feel himself again a boy ;
But, in his laughing and weeping then,
This poor man woke to toil again,
And left behind in the land of sleep
The music that made him laugh and weep.

Thereafter his life was sadder, yet
By reason of this he must forget.
He knew in sooth his dream was truth,
And the tune could charm back joy and youth ;
And he said, “ What a gift it would be to men
If I could charm back their youth again ! ”

So he set a task for himself to do,
To give him ease in spite of woe—
He sought in good faith, from dawn to night,
That magic tune which had taken flight,
And when he thought he heard a strain,
He wrote it down with loving pain.

So passed his days in hope and fear,
Until at last his end was near,
And ere he found his tune, he died.

But soon his fame spread very wide,
And people flocked from far and near,
His strange inspired works to hear.
“They seem to tell of things,” they said,
“That we shall know when we are dead.”

A U T U M N .

— — —

'Tis when the leaves come fluttering down
To meet their shadows on the earth,
And Nature dies,—'tis mostly then
We see her beauty and her worth.

In Spring's fast swelling buds she lives
A child, as changeful as the hour ;
Reliant on some higher life
She grows by sunshine and by shower.

In summer's maidenhood, she decks
Her beauteous self with blossoms fair,
And poppies bright she twines among
The waving corn—her golden hair.

Then mortal praises she accepts,
But still her heart is all untrue,
For gifts of beauty, light, and air
She takes but as her daily due.

But 'tis in Autumn Nature learns,
When wintry winds come stealing health,
That not alone for self was given
Her blessing of abundant wealth.

'Tis then repentant that she turns,
And, all in haste her sin to quell,
Gives all, and yielding up her fruits
To man, she scatters leaves as well.

Then, the great joy of giving found,
In swift death Nature finds no rod,
But yields in splendour her whole self,
Tinged with the colour of her God.

IN HADES.

ODYSSEUS.

WHAT hero's shade affronts me, darkly lowering in my way,
In these dim and ghostly regions far removed from upper
day,

Where those whose fate it was on earth in glorious fight to
fall,

Escape Damnation's heavy curse and eke Oblivion's pall?
Why does he cast in anger round his dark and envious eye,
As if he chafed in memory of some former injury?

But lo ! his vast, gigantic form of old I seem to know,
Indignant Ajax' angry soul can find no rest below.

Hail to thee, son of Telamon, who once on Ilion's field
Withstoodst stout Hector's fierce assault, and scornedst a
foot to yield

To him who slew Patroclus fair, and struck the fatal blow
That urged Achilles, Peleus' son, to rush upon the foe.

AJAX.

Avaunt, Odysseus, many-wiled, taunt not my vanished power,
Nor dare defy the gods in pride of one triumphant hour,
For Nemesis will surely come, whose envious eyes are set
On every earthly happiness and punishes the debt.

ODYSSEUS.

Can no forgiveness then remain for one whose better star
Made him the chief of many plans, as thou the brave in war?
For though I bear Achilles' arms, the Argives mourn thy
woe.

AJAX.

Glory was all I sought above, and all I seek below.
Women and slaves may seek to move a pitying eye to tears ;
A man should make his deeds resound through the long
vale of years,
Till hoary warriors' eyes shall glow, and all their comrades
pale,
When at the feast the minstrel to his harp recites the tale.
But I am fallen !

ODYSSEUS.

Fallen ! Nay ; for all Achæans tell
Of him who now in sullen mood walks o'er the asphodel ;
And home-returning from the fight they sing the fateful
doom,
How Ajax sought a hasty death above Achilles' tomb.
But ere I seek the earth again, let this your anger cease,
And as we met at Ilion's wall, so let us part—in peace.

AJAX.

No hand of friendship will I give to him who did me wrong ;
Our life on earth is short indeed, but Hades' age is long.
I bow before Zeus' stern decree and hard command of fate,
But since eternal is my grief, eternal is my hate.

LINES TO MEDIOCRITY.

YES, do thy work ; 'tis such a joy to know
That you are doing what great men have done ;
But, when you've done it, keep it out of sight,
To publish might be death, though now 'tis fun.

Yes, only show it to your dearest friends,
Who, trusting you, may see it through your eyes,
And think those things are graceful or sublime
Which the blind world might slander or despise.

Thus you create yourself sufficient fame
To keep alive a self-approving glow ;
You ask not the opinion of the world,
And what it would have said you do not know.

DREAMS OF THE IDEAL.

To form a bright ideal of the noble and the true
Is certainly, for all mankind, the proper thing to do—
A something unattainable and yet to be desired,
To be yearned for, to be deeply but respectfully
admired.

By this, the stern realities of life may be defied,
For in wishing to be *something* we can feel an inward
pride,

A sense of being suitable for some more blissful state,
And a throb of indignation at the stupidity of fate.
Now that these ideals vary, is as plan as A, B, C,
For 'tis clear the brilliant visions that inspire delight
in me

Would be far too lofty-soaring and too gloriously sweet
To suit the tastes of common minds, the sort of men
I meet ;

And I fear that in confessing now the secrets of my
soul,
And in pouring out my longings for a never-hoped-
for goal,
I may seem a little foolish, and my aspirations droll.

* * * * *

“I should like to be a pig,” is my incessant, heartfelt
sigh—

And to wallow, wallow, wallow in a warm and cosy sty ;
To feel myself upon the straw so comfortably stout,
And to exercise activity by twiddling my snout,
To open for a moment an appreciative eye—
Oh ! might I be a pig like this, how sweet to live and
die !

Such is the contemplative life, reposing, peaceful, still,
Enjoying with tranquillity the sweet, unworked-for swill,
The future all so rosy, and the present all a “cram,”
Secure of a most useful immortality in ham ;

For eating is elysium, and sweet it were to me,
To think, the more that I could eat, more useful I
should be.

But ah ! these bright ideals, their recurrence make me
sigh,
For I shall never be a pig, or wallow in a sty.

TO AN ABSENT ONE.

IF absence makes (as some one said)
The heart grow fonder,
I would advise you, dearest Fred,
To stay out yonder.
If absence makes no difference
To your devotion,
'T would be as well to keep from hence,
I have a notion ;
But if in absence love is dead,
Or prone to wander,
Then I command you, dearest Fred,
To stay out yonder.

DANCING.

MODERN dancing is but prancing,
Prancing in a crowded room,
Jumping, thumping, bumping, stumping,
Every face in deepest gloom ;
Jerking, perking, always working,—
Melancholy doom.

Oh for olden times all golden,
And the steps our fathers knew !
Gliding, sliding, sub-dividing,
Every motion sweetly new ;
Skipping, tripping, neatly slipping,—
Art divinely true !

NOW, AND THEN.

I sit with a fork in my hand,
But my thoughts flow dreamily back
To a Venice moon on a still lagoon,
And a gondola draped with black.

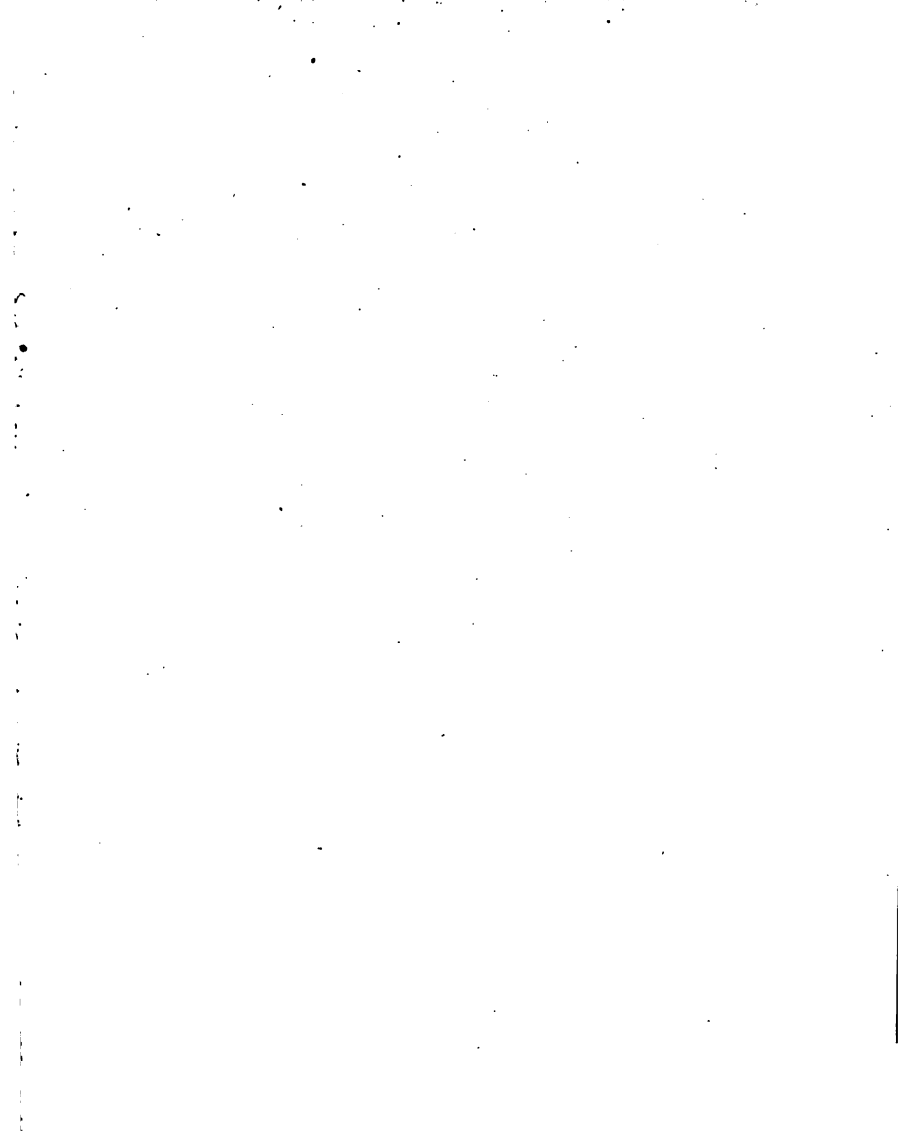
The rippling sound of a voice
In the tender Italian tongue—
The upward glance of a soft dark eye—
A form that is meltingly young.

Ninetta ! my love of sixteen !
My houri ! my timid gazelle !
Did we part for a summer ? for ever and aye !
Yet I cannot but murmur “ ’tis well ! ”

P'rhaps now you are heavy and fat,
You're fifty, I know, to a day,
And wed to a Jew. Waiter, give me my hat—
My bath-chair is coming this way.

EPITAPH ON MYSELF.

ABOVE the ground my spirit hovers,
This stone's too good for what it covers.







17

